

Hand *Mrs. C. Hyndman -*
Ph. 27578

THE HILLS of HOME



Song
for Voice and Piano by
OSCAR J. FOX
Words by
FLORIDE CALHOUN

V 900 High Voice in C minor
V 901 Medium High Voice in A minor
V 959 Medium Low Voice in G minor
V 914 Low Voice in F minor

Price 50 Cents



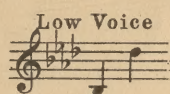
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CARL FISCHER, INC., NEW YORK
Cooper Square

V 914

The Hills of Home

Words by
FLORIDE CALHOUN *)



Music by
OSCAR J. FOX

Andante con moto

Piano *f con espressione* *dim.*

mf

My prai-rie home is beau-ti-ful, but oh, I

rit. *mp a tempo*

miss the bro-ken sky-line that I know, I look in vain for riv-ers and for

lakes, But o-ver all my heart at sun-set, aches: For

poco cresc. *poco dim.*

*) Words used by permission

con molto espress.

hills of home, the hills of home!

*ten.**con vigore*

The ev-er-last-ing hills, how firm they stand! Their

migh - ty summits braced, a Ti-tan band.

Up - lift-ing hoar-y fore-heads to the

blast

When In-dian summer's gold-en glow is past;

Oh,

*con**dim.*

molto espress.

hills _____ of home, the hills _____ of

home! _____

molto cresc. - ff sempre ff

dim. rall. p

ad

lib. a tempo fz

know them, love them, see them once a - gain; Their cloudy summits veiled in mist-y

colla voce a tempo

rain, Or soft-ly, dim-ly blue, or capped with snow _____ I'm

smorzando home-sick for you, moun-tains that I know. *f con molto espress.* Oh, hills _____ of

smorzando *f affettuoso*

home, the hills _____ of home, _____ Oh,

p *dim.* *pp.* *p*

dim. *p* *pp*

ten. hills, the hills of home! _____

colla voce *pp* *ppp* *l. h.*

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Your Hand In Mine

Poem and Music by
HARRIET WARE

Sustained, dreamily

When night steals o - ver sea and land, The
my singing melody in accompaniment

strife of day is o'er, — I seek a lit - tle place called home and

find love at a door. — With joy - lit eyes we sit and dream Your

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High and Low Voice .50

My Paradise

Poem by
ADELAIDE CLARE

High Voice

Music by
SILVIO HEIN

Voice Moderato con moto

poco rubato

mf

p

1. At the
2. It was

wait - ers edge — I sat one day, — When a
Cu - pid's knock — that day I heard, — At my

bird swift - ly passed my way, — stirred, — He
heart's door my be - ing

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High and Low Voice .40

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